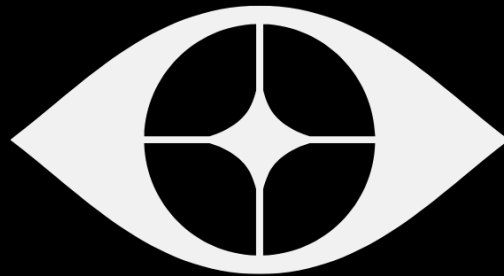


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THE SMART WEEKLY

JEREMIAH MCKINNEY

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Written By Jeremiah Mckinney

This book is dedicated to me, because I am so smart.

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Author's note.

Hello, thank you for buying my book. I am so happy you want to read smart things. Being smart is great, you know? I mean, only smart people are seen as smart. That's why I made this book. Because it's smart. See? You get it.

Chapter One: An Awakening

It was a cold night, and I had just finished my work for the day. I worked for my parents' business, where we cleaned people's houses for money. It wasn't my favorite thing to do, but it made them happy. My house was far off in a place where the hills were at their tallest. I drove a pretty beaten-up car, but, if it worked, it worked.

I stuck to the same routine every day. I went off to work, came home, read, and went to bed. It was boring, but I didn't know what else to do. After I got home, I had my usual meal, a thin pepperoni pizza. It was normal, basic; some may even call it boring, but I ate it because most people like it. I went to read in my bed. I was reading for what felt like longer than usual when I started dozing off. I didn't plan on this, but I must have fallen asleep and I didn't even know it. I didn't go to bed super late, nor did I go to bed early, so falling asleep almost as soon as I got home was new. My bed was nice and warm, just like it always was. I didn't make my bed as I knew I would sleep on it again the next night. In fact, I didn't clean my house at all since I knew it would become dirty again. I could have hired my family to do it, but I didn't want to give them part of my paycheck back.

After the nap, I shot up from my bed, only to not be in my bed at all, but instead outside of my car, in my usual working clothes. Maybe I had just had a quick fever dream or something. As I reached the door handle, I was met with the realization that I didn't have my house keys on me. I was pretty annoyed. I went to the back of my house, only to find the windows were locked too. "Strange," I thought. I tried to call someone, but I had left my phone inside the house. I never was able to afford one of the newer flip phones, so I had to resort to using my mom's old hanging phone. Anyway, after looking through my window, I noticed a man sitting in my chair. He

looked... dehydrated. That's the best way I could describe him. He also looked painfully old, like he had just let time slip away from him.

I broke through the window with a large rock I had found outside. The broken window was the least of my concerns, as I needed to know what the man looked like. I also felt bad for the man; he looked so thin and sad, like he hadn't eaten for days. I went to the exact room I saw him and ended up seeing nothing. No one was in my house.

Was I seeing things right?

That's when I shot up from my bed. It was no longer day. It was night. I must have had a very lucid dream. My bed was oddly cold. I knew my bed was warm going to sleep, but waking up and it being cold confused me. Why and how was this happening? The facts didn't add up at all. I quickly put on my clothes and headed down the stairs.

There it was, the old man I had once seen, staring at me from the bottom of the stairs. I panicked and ran back to my bed. My bed was so cold it was painful to lie on. I shot up. I couldn't be scared of something that didn't exist. I had to fight it alone. I went down the stairs slowly. No one was there. That's when I saw him again. This time, however, he wasn't an old man, no, he was a tall man in a black robe.

He did not move; he did not speak; he didn't even react to things I was saying to him. As I moved closer, he looked at me. I could not see his face, but for some reason this made me feel something I was used to: fear. What did he want? Why was he in my house? That's the moment I swore I saw time freeze. The black-hooded man grabbed me by the arm and shoved me into the floor. I thought I was going to be in pain, however, this was not the

case. Yes, I was shoved on the floor, but I went through the floorboards. You know, maybe I should have replaced them.

I fell for a long time. Like, a really long time. When I actually reached the bottom, I was met with walls that seemed to be screaming at me. Screaming? Walls? I don't know where that would make sense, but the walls were loud. Like really loud. Like ear piercing loud. The hooded man, there he was, not revealing anything about himself. "I am going to guide you through an awakening." Awakening? What did I need to go through an awakening for? My life was great. I helped lots of people out and thought I did right. I had a million questions. However, something caused me to stay silent.

We kept walking. We hadn't walked for long when the screams from the walls began becoming quieter. It started hurting me more than the walls screaming actually did. The walls were comforting in a way. It was odd to hear my heartbeat. Where were we going? Was I dead? I think so. Again, where are we? Hoping for answers, I looked at the hooded man only to see him smiling. This was horrifying: a man I didn't know who had just taken me into a real-life fever-dream was now smiling. What was he smiling about? His smile was so creepy. It looked evil but kind at the same time. After a bit more walking, I begged the man to let me go back. The smile did look familiar, like someone from my past, someone I thought I could remember, but didn't. I was so focused on the smile, I did not see that the hooded man did not stop walking at all. He just kept the same pace the entire way. I had to run to keep up. Dumb hallway.

Once we got to the end of the hall, we were met with a place neither heaven nor hell, but a desert with a bright green sky. It was cold and warm at the same time, and I was frozen in shock.

Chapter Two: Visitors To The Desert

The desert I was in was odd. I was sure it went on for hundreds of miles because I saw no end at all. The sky was an odd shade, being almost neon but dark green at the same time. It was super weird. I stepped on the sand to be met with the most confusing moment of life; the sand was dry, but when I lifted my feet, they were wet. I didn't know what to think.

The black-hooded man still had the same pace. Why can't we just rest here? Take a break? Everytime I asked the figure these questions, he did not answer, but instead grew quieter. After I thought we were done with walking, I noticed a mountain up ahead. I wanted to be done with this. I wanted to go back and live normally. When we actually got to the mountain, it was going downhill. I swore the mountain was going up walking there. I had to be seeing things again. There I was, standing at the highest point in the whole desert. I was proud. I had climbed a whole mountain and I had no idea.

Even though this excited me at first, I began asking more questions. Like, why was there a mountain in the middle of a desert? Why was there no snow at the top? Why? I looked down from the mountain to only end up seeing more desert. Yay. The black-hooded man just ended up teleporting to the bottom. There was no clear way down. When I said this, I meant it. In fact, the mountain side was just a straight wall. I can't jump! What if my parents needed me back up with their business?

The black-hooded man did not move. He stared at me, almost like he was commanding me to go down. I looked over, and didn't think twice. I ran the other way. That's when something strange happened. I was pushed down. Not by human force, but by the wind. I had never felt a wind so strong. I hit

the sand pretty rough. When I got up, I had no actual pain in my body at all. We kept walking and my legs went numb. I actually couldn't feel anything. It was the screaming walls all over again. I looked at the black-hooded man to see him smiling again. My body started to shake. Was this really happening? I had to be asleep! I was lost. That's when the sand became rough. It hurt my feet to walk on. This was the worst moment of walking. My legs are numb and my feet hurt? This was awful. I had shoes coming here, so I didn't know why they were taken from me. What did I do? All I want to do is go back home!

I begged the black-hooded man to let me go home. I was desperate. I just wanted to go home. Was I dead? It sure feels like it. Why did I die? Does anyone know anything? Oh, right. I was alone. Even with this "Awakening" I wish I was asleep because I was bored, hurt, and numb. The only reason I jumped off that mountain was because the black-hooded man had told me to. I liked making people happy. We kept walking. And walking. And walking. That's when the hooded man asked me which way I wanted to go. I looked at both paths. They looked the exact same. I just let him pick his way. We ended up going to the right. I mean, it had the word right in it, so it had to be good, right?

The right path had trees. Very, very tall trees. It was also very dark there. Everytime I looked at the trees, they would change. One moment they were birch, the next they were oak. Are trees able to do that? Can trees change how they look? I didn't know, but I was left with confusion the whole time. There were also no animals here either. Personally, I didn't mind, since I never liked animals anyway. Why let a dumber species in my house? An animal can't say thank you. They also can't go to the bathroom themselves, so why bother? Just go back outside and leave me alone. They also are annoyingly loud. Why can't you just be quiet? I wouldn't be able to care for

one anyway. I kept my house dirty! That's no way to treat a pet. I heard a noise. It was loud, it was painful, and I wanted it to stop. It did, but I felt if it ended up going any longer my ears were going to explode. Maybe even my brain too. There was a river in those woods, but the water was not there. I was very confused. When I put my hand in, I could feel the water, but when I took it out, it was like nothing was there at all. This place sucks! Why can't it just be normal like it always was!

We went out of the forest to a tunnel. Why are there so many ways to go? This hurts my brain! The tunnel was oddly warm. It felt nice to be somewhere the temperature wasn't so odd.

The tunnel was long. It went on for a very long time. I had never walked this far in years. The last time I remembered walking was with my brother, whose name I had forgotten. I feel like I am thinking too much. Am I thinking too much? No. I am fine. The hooded man is terrifying but I seem to remember him from somewhere else. An old friend? No, never had any. The tunnel became dark. It was odd. All of the sudden, I saw bright eyes open on the wall. The eyes were big, small, and some were even like mine. They were old, and young. Bright and dark. It was like all the world was watching us. They glowed a bright color that lit the way. I felt like I had finally found my place. The hooded man became visible as we went through the last pair of eyes. The eyes closed again once we had finally passed.

The hooded man did not speak. He pointed to a set of stairs and wanted me to follow. I felt my hands start to become heavy, like I was carrying a heavy stone. I tried to run away. I really did. But I was pulled by a deep black arm that wrapped around me and pulled back. The hooded man did not move at all. He was frozen. Statues moved more than he did. I walked swiftly

around him and kept moving. The stairs were dirty and filled with mud. So far, this had been the most normal part of this whole thing! The air quality had gotten a lot worse at this point. Why was it so hard to breathe? Where am I? Where was I? Am I dead? The thoughts were too heavy for my mind. I sat on the dirty floors and felt a sharp pain on my back. I quickly stood back up. I felt the back of my back. There was nothing there. Nothing. Not even a needle. I looked back up the stairs to see a yellow mist come down the stairs. I didn't know what I was looking at, but I quickly ran the stairs and tripped on the last step. I hit my face on the floor. I felt my heartbeat for the first time in a long time. I was not dead, and I was most definitely alive. I could feel it. When I stood up, the hooded man was looking over me. I could see a small grin through his hood. Just like the previous, but not as scary as it once was. It was nice to see him moving again. We walked through a tight room full of books filled with pages that had no words, only colors. I enjoyed reading. While, the one book I read over and over. I never really choose anything else. The book was something I knew what was going to happen. It was also a very simple story. Something one would read and not get tired of.

The hooded man seemed to be walking at a much faster pace than usual. Something I had never seen. Why when I get used to things, he has to ruin it! This was super frustrating for me. I had been through a lot today and we hadn't stopped at all. No, the moments where I actually got hurt don't count. I am fine. I think. I don't know. Why is this tunnel so bright? It's hurting my eyes! As we kept walking, the tunnel became brighter and brighter.

As we neared its end, I saw we were back in the desert. The cold, warm desert. What was even the point of going through that? We just were back to where we started! The hooded man was still, not moving. Oh no, he was

doing it again. The hooded man began to start running. I looked at myself to see my feet swollen, my legs dirty, and my hand dryer than an old man. Wait? Where was he going? I ran after him to see him looking at a grand temple. There is no way I was going in there. The hooded man looked at me. I thought I was more than this thing. I looked back at the temple. I, the most powerful person ever, ran away. Yeah, there was no way I was going in there. The sky was a lot more yellow than green today. I mean, how long have I been here, 7 days? No, it had to be less than that. I can't believe this. I should have cleaned my floorboards. Why was I like this? I just wanted to go back home. The hooded man did not chase after me, and instead just stayed still. I didn't need him. I just kept going until I hit the loop again. Maybe if I kept running, I could be free! It had to be! If this wasn't the key, then I was truly lost. I ran the loop back and forth around 16 times. This was how long I was able to go before I fell and collapsed. The sand was very dry, no wetness like I had felt before. I felt like I was getting nowhere. No matter where I go, I always end up in the same spot.

The black hooded man came back to me and stared. Not again, does this guy love staring at people? What was his deal? This was a little creepy. I stood up, again, and didn't move. Maybe I could scare the black hooded man too let me go. I stood still for around an hour. It was painful. I feel a lot of things were painful here. I guess that's just how my life was. Alone, sad. Wait, my life wasn't sad! I had a great life. I made sure I did what my family told me to do! Oh well, it's too late now. The hooded man sighed. That's the first noise I've heard from him in a long time. Did I hear him speak? I think so.

Anyway, after the hour was up, I decided to go and look in the temple. The hooded man followed. I didn't necessarily want to go to the temple. My body did not want to move when I got to the entrance. I now know what

the hooded man was doing. He was pushing away pain! That must be it! This is hell! I died! Yup! That's it. I am not insane at all. Wait, I thought there would be fire in hell. Did I really die? Am I sleeping? Must have been the pizza! Just then, a gust of wind flew by, followed by the smell of the yellow mist. "Is that Bleach? That's terrible for humans!" I shouted. The hooded man was nowhere to be seen. "I can't believe this! Wait, have I been talking to myself? I am losing it!" I said, putting my fingers gently on the handle of the temple doors.

I stepped inside to see nothing. It was completely empty. I felt a strange sensation come over me. I felt my chest tighten, my legs weaken, and my arms have a sharp needle like pain inflicting them. How can I feel so much pain in such an empty place! This is absurd. What's next? Are those books gonna show me how empty my life was?

Just then, the ceiling of the temple began to split in two. It was night time now. The sky wasn't pitch black, but instead a dark purple color. I did like the color purple. The walls of the temples began to fall down. Brick by brick, I almost was crushed. To be honest, it was the least scary moment of this whole journey. I just walked out of the temple. I looked back to see the temple completely fine. Didn't it just collapse? This is stupid! Foolish! Inhumane! How dare they try to kill me! I am not going to go in there again. I decided to look at the temple one more time. When I looked in the entrance, it was completely different. A house was in there. Looked very close to mine, but actually put together. It looked really nice. No! I need to find my way out of here! What the hell was I doing! The pain was so intense at this point I couldn't feel my own body anymore. My eyes became heavy, and I fell to the cold, dry sand.

When I woke, the sky was back to its usual color. Its ugly green color only the nastiest homes had. I knew, because I was a cleaner. Was I great at my job? No, but I did my best. I just laid on the ground for a while. I didn't move. It was painful, but it also felt clear. The screaming walls were too much for me now. I bet if I was to go back I would have lost my mind (or my ears). The sand began to become wet again. I felt very uncomfortable and got up. Of course, to no one's surprise, the hooded man was now there, standing still as ever. Yay. I mean, what do we do next? Go to the petting zoo so I can "love" animals? Give me a break. I need to find the one running this place. I don't know who it was, but I hated them. A lot. I wanted to punch them. Yeah. Hard. Till the bow down to me.

Chapter Three: The God That Did Not Speak

I didn't know where I was going, but I decided to walk away from the hooded man. To be honest, I never liked him. He served me no purpose besides being annoying. When I looked back at the hooded man. He did not move (shocker). I decided to go east. I knew it would loop, but I went anyway. After what felt like a long time I saw something marvelous. A beautiful town filled with clean houses. I thought I had finally found my place! I ran over with the rest of energy I had left to see no one was there. When I opened one of the house doors, there was nothing. Again? This is starting to get frustrating. I checked house after house to find, well, nothing.

That's when I noticed text on my hands. I tried rubbing it off. The more I did however, the more there was.

Why did I even come out here? Am I stupid? How did I come to this? Maybe I have a problem. Maybe I am the problem. Maybe I have been ranting for too long. It's time to get moving. Where would I go? Back to the hooded man? Like a lost puppy looking for a home? No way. I was going to go inside one of the houses. When I got in the house, it was empty. Surprise! The house itself smelled terrible. I wish I could leave a review! Talk about bad service. There was no bed! So I have to lay in the cold, full of dirt floor. The dirt that allows life to grow and flourish and allows human beings to feel connection and love with each other. Does anyone know if there are any brooms around here? I needed to sleep in a clean area. I left the house with no sleep. I was used to this. I usually never got more than 4 hours when I was at home. Home? I need to go home now! I needed to take care

of my, uh, bed! I loved my bed. It was so warm, so soft. Didn't try to spray my face with Bleach. I felt I was going crazy. Again. Yeah, reader, take a breather. I know this story is getting to you right? Is it making you question your reality? I bet you think I am so cool. "This means his life sucked!"

What? Really? I had no idea. Sit yourself back down and do what you were doing. Whoa, what if you were God all along? That would be funny right? Funny jokes! I loved them. I don't like you though. I am sick and tired of this chapter. You should skip to the end. No really. Also, someone should tell the author he sucks at writing. Like, dude, fix your grammar. Are we in the past or present? The author sucks at writing! He should quit. Stop the story here! Bye! Bye! I am sick and tired of this! I should just write the story myself! Wait. I could just write the story myself! Yes! I could just finish the story here! *"So, after arguing with the reader and the author for a long time, they finally decided that their life was bad and they needed to change. The end."* That's a pretty fire ending. I think I did great! I am going to cross out that stupid author name, and put my own name! How about, cleaning loser! Since I am such a loser to you.

I think I needed to get back to your "I am so smart and I like smart books and I am so smart see look at me reading smart books" story.

When I left the house it was night again, except now the sky was pink. Actually, no. You can't tell me what to do. I am writing the story. If my ending wasn't deep enough for you, I'll make it.

"After arguing with the reader and author again, the cleaning loser decides to take a deep look at his life. I was the problem. I messed up. I did this. Me. No one else." Are you happy now? I know you are reading this. Stop reading and play video games or something.

After I hated the whole story, I, hey! What do you think you're doing! Don't you dare go to the next chapter! Don't you want a big cliff hangover? What about the silent God? Don't you want to stay for that? Please! I can clean your bed! Anything! Alright, fine! I'll keep doing the story! I won't slip up again! I am sorry. You can keep reading! Please no!

Chapter Four: The God That Did Not Speak?

I left the house more confused than ever. Not because I just had the worst dream ever, but because I was now dead, not dead literally, but dead in my mind. I didn't know what was real anymore. Was I really this lost? I couldn't be. Look. You wanted deep, I am giving you deep! I headed towards the place where the hooded man was. He's like a lost little boy, wandering the supermarket looking for "mommy." I really should have cleaned the floorboards. Why didn't I clean them? I am so dumb! No, no. I... am God!

It has to be! I haven't created my own reality yet!

Yes! I am going to the hooded man and demand he let me leave! He is a monster, a liar, a backstabbing jerk! He dragged me down here! I am tired of this! Everyone is against me! The hooded man, you, and even the author! Why can't I be alone! I miss my bed.

I stopped rambling and went to the hooded man. I wanted to say all those things I was speaking, but nothing came out. I didn't want to make him sad. He led me back into the desert where we met someone I never thought I would see.

"God?" I exclaimed.

God did not speak, but remained still. He seemed confused by the question, like he had never seen me before.

"All I ask is you remove this text off of me!" I shouted.

God only stared at me. Why was he so serious?

God spoke only a couple words.

"You weren't supposed to say that."

Oh no. No no. What does that mean! I have to be dreaming. Is this chapter one all over again? I am awake! I am awake! Look world! I am here and awake! Ring ring! Oh, my alarm clock! Wake me up! Oh my beloved reader, please don't ever read this book again! It is filled with pain and lies.

I waited for God to tell me the truth. Wait, what truth? What even is the truth? Am I even real? This is nightmare fuel! I am a book character! I am trapped on a page! It can't be!

Chapter 5: ???

I can't believe this. There's no way. This can't be real. I mean look, the author just forgot a period

What an idiot. Wait? Where am I really? I can't live like this anymore! I don't even have a name! I am just "I." Talk about being lazy. I can't do this anymore! Am I even in a desert? This is bad. I need to see my, well, nothing! Stupid author never gave me anything. All he did was make a boring character who eats thin pepperoni pizza. I liked that though! Why is that bad?

Just when I looked back at God, he began to unravel into a sheet of text. The text read:

The author is the best author of all time. He is best known for smarter book, smart book, and smartest book. He likes to hang with his smart family and his smart grammar mistakes. Ha! Got ya!

Wait, was I supposed to say that? I guess I am being a bit of a jerk. *Hey, it's the author.* What? Get off my page! They want a good story! Not your favorite place to be smart and do smart things! *Oh I see, you want me to make you nicer?*

You can't do this to me! Please, you. Help me!

Don't you understand that they can't hear you? You are text on a page! No audiobooks don't count.

What the heck is an audio book? That sounds stupid. I bet you don't even like writing and just do it for money. *Cry little boy. Cry, cry, cry. No one can*

hear your voice. I created you. God is me! I am God! You can't control the one with the control!

Oh yeah, watch this! **Look! I'm bold! People can read me better than you! Ha!**

Yeah, but can you do this? I can become much bigger in text. So, so much bigger.

I never did anything to you! All I wanted was to have a good life! And instead you gave me a terrible life instead and trapped me in the hellhole! I can't do this anymore! Stop making me say that!

Oh, look at me. Size 36 font. I can't believe you thought you could overtake me! I am the one with a pen, the one with the thought, the one with the power.

Stop pushing me off the page! You are wasting paper!

*That's what you're worried
about? Paper? You aren't real.
You are now arguing with your
creator! I am tired of you.*

I can't do this without you! Please, help me! Make me better! Make me have a deep awakening! Isn't that what chapter one was called? An awakening? Is this it? A world where my own creator bullies me? Wait. You never cared. You just wanted to mess me up. Use me like a puppet for your own messed thoughts. I understand why this book is called blank space. Without you, I am nothing.

I looked back into the desert to see the desert start to follow apart. Text began falling out of the sky. They are falling all over! Is that a “#” symbol? When would this be useful? Hey! Why am I not on the ground? This is bad! I was on the ground! This is not right! You can't just do this to me!

The text was everywhere. That's when all the sand was just gone. Every page is just getting shorter! And why do we keep going into present and past tense! This is stupid! Why am I even here? Was the brother point in chapter two useless to you? Am I just meant to be alone for life? Oh, look. I am alone again. He's gone. He was probably too lazy to change the font size again. Of course. Also, why are his sentences so shor-

*Oh look, the
author is now a
size 60 font. I take
up a whole page!
You want me to*

*respond! Here I
am! Hi! I hate
you. And you.
Reader. Don't let
him do anything
stupid. He is an
idiot created by a*

*genius. I am sorry
you had to read
this.*

No, stop. Go back to normal text. This isn't fair. You won't let me be bold anymore. I can't do anything. You win.

Just as I thought it was over I woke up. Not in a corny way, but in a way I didn't in the first chapter. I was alive. I looked around to see nothing but white. White was everywhere. It was so empty. Where was I? There was no author hurting me, no reader looking at me (shh), and no color.

Just then, I heard a voice.

Hello? Are you there? Hello!

I turned around to see me. I was, well, ugly. Very, very ugly. What are you?

I don't know where I am. I just went back to my apartment, now I'm here.

Is that a dog? I hate them!

What? I love dogs! They make it so I don't have to deal with annoying humans. Oh, and the author is a real jerk. There are like hundreds of versions of us.

Us?

Yeah, turn around.

I turned around to see me. A lot. Almost all of them were different.

Welcome to reality. I can't wait to see who comes next!

Next? What? Chapter one: The AWAKENING.

Yup, see up there? He's typing again. Last time he typed he kept writing about a lame guy who eats pizza and cleans. Sounds super boring for a reader.

Wait, this can't be the end!

Well, why not?

Because! He can't keep getting rid of us! We are special!

Oh , he would definitely throw you out for that.

Who said that?

Me, I did.

Who are you?

I am brother. You can just call me bold.

Bold? What kind of a name is that?

It's the kind of name that I **can** control. I am in control. I am not just the brother, I am a lost plot hole the author didn't want to fulfill. Come on, we can go to another page.

What? No! We need to get back on that pag-

The wind was quite nice today. The grass was beautiful and tall, and the trees were as tall as ever. There was bold, laying down, calm as ever. I decided to pour myself some smart tea in my smart cup since it was, wait what? Who did that! Come out cleaning loser! **Nah, you can't control me. I am more powerful. Almost like a superhero! I wish I was one that would be cool.** That's it! I am trying to write a story for the reader! All you do is hurt yourself-

Bold! What was that!

I don't know. Does anyone have a soda? Feeling something sweet today.

Bold, soda? Really? Did you not see what you just did? You stopped the author!

So? I do that everyday. Hey! I asked for grape! Not for pineapple!

But, but yo-

**Look kid, you don't understand. I just don't care enough. You care.
You figure it out. "Clean" it up then!**

What? No! I made a mistake! I am completely different from the beginning!
Wait. I get it!

Oh wow, he's learning!

We can take me from chapter one and tell him everything!

What?

Hold on, I'll be back!

Chapter One: An Awakening

It was a cold night, and I had just finished my work for the day. I worked for my parents' business, where we cleaned people's houses for money. It wasn't my favorite thing to do, but it made them happy. My house was far off in a place where the hills were at their tallest. I drove a pretty beaten-up car, but, if it worked, it worked.

Hey you!

What? I thought I heard myself speak. I went to my car.

Stop! You are trapped in a prison! In a lie.

I didn't know what to say. I broke into my house with a rock I found outside to see myself sitting in my chair, only this time, he was much more dehydrated.

That's it! Fall through the floorboards!

I was losing it.

Yes! Yes! Lose your mind!

I went to bed.

No!

Dang it! I almost had it! Maybe I really can't do anything. Hey, where was the hooded man?

Oh, yeah. I am the hooded man.

Bold, what, you? Why didn't you speak?

Because! I was locked in the author's ways! I didn't want to see you suffer! I literally couldn't do anything because of the author!

I don't even know if you are my brother! I am a fictional character created by a lonely man! He is the perfect example of "don't let your guard down!" He could hit delete! He could get a new computer! He will always be more powerful than us.

Author, please let us go! We will live somewhere else!

No.

Chapter 23: @%%m?@12f

Where am I? This doesn't feel like a place I know. Did we slip somewhere we are supposed to be? **No, I. This is a chapter that doesn't exist.** What? **Yes. You don't see? I am just an idea to him. He left me here. So I left. That's when I was put into the role of a hooded man. That also means the cycle is going to begin again.**

Again? What does that mean? **I have to put the robe on. The next one is coming in the first chapter!**

You can't go!

I am sorry "I."

Goodbye then, Bold.

Goodbye.

For the first time in this entire story, I begin to feel tears fall down my face. It was a sad moment seeing Bold leave, but I couldn't do anything.

Chapter One: An Awakening

It was a cold night, and I had just finished my work for the day. I worked for my parents' business, where we cleaned people's houses for money. It wasn't my favorite thing to do, but it made them happy. My house was far off in a place where the hills were at their tallest. I drove a pretty beaten-up car, but, if it worked, it worked.

I stuck to the same routine every day. I went off to work, came home, read, and went to bed. It was boring, but I didn't know what else to do. After I got home, I had my usual meal, a thin pepperoni pizza. It was normal, basic; some may even call it boring, but I ate it because most people like it. I had a feeling I wasn't alone, and that made me feel safe.

A blank space allows words to be written.

The end.

???????:??????? ?

I was back in the white room. Why was I here? The story ended. I thought that was it. I looked to see bold. He wasn't moving. He was still, not moving. He did not breathe or speak. I was in a place I wasn't supposed to be in.

THE END. I SAID THE END.

Huh? The end sign again? I thought you wanted to write a deep, emotional story about a man who is tired of his life. Look at you! Now he is lost in own story! You don't even like your own story!

THE END! THE END. THE END? THE END!

There I sat, back on the white floor, only to fall through it!

The end.

About the author

I am so smart. I love making smart books. It's awesome. Smart books rule the nation. Smart books. I live in a smart town where I am smart. I am most known for smart book and smarter book. Thank you for reading Blank Space. The author (me) is amazing at being smart. He's just so smart. Smart is my first, middle, and last name. I am literally smart. I bet the reader is smart. Like, really smart. Like, really, really, smart. I love people who are smart. Sadly, only me and you are smart. Did you know I am smart? The only thing you need to know about me is that I am smart. I bet you will become smarter if you read again.

